

New York Ave Lots at Auction

THE PRIDE OF DE LAND

THE CHOICE OF FLORIDA

Tuesday, March 30th, 9:30 A. M.

Possibly the Last

Unquestionably the Best

Band Concert P. O. Corner
8 to 9 A. M.

\$17.50 Cash Given Away Open to Everybody
Over 16 Years

The Bell Ringers' Parade of Free Carriages WILL LEAVE BUSINESS CENTER
PROMPTLY AT 9:00

Sale Opens at 9:30 O'clock Sharp

Grand Prize Drawing for Ladies Only \$25.00 14 CARAT SOLID GOLD LADIES WATCH GIVEN
AWAY FREE. DRAWING OPEN TO ALL LADIES PRESENT
OVER 16 YEARS OF AGE. WATCH ON EXHIBITION IN SHOW WINDOW OF W. A. ALLEN & CO'S DRUG STORE, NEXT TO P. O.

Bring Your Wives, Daughters and Friends for Investment.

NEW YORK AVE HEADS ALL THE REST.

TERMS OF SALE: 1-4th Cash, Balance in 3, 6 and 9 Months

P. S.--Stormy Tuesday, Sale Following Day

WM. FITZ SIMMONS, Mgr.

Agent for Miss Janie Bennett

THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL

The politician talks and talks,
The actor plays his part,
The soldier glitters on parade,
The goldsmith plies his art,
The scientist pursues his germs
O'er this terrestrial ball,
The sailor navigates his ship,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk,
The broker reads his tape
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth
To fit the human shape,
The dame of fashion dressed in silk
Goes forth to dine or call,
Or drive, or dance, or promenade,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman wields his shining tools
The merchant shows his wares,
The aeronaut above the clouds
His dizzy journey dares,
But art and science soon would fade,
And commerce dead would fall,
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,
For the farmer feeds them all.—Ex.

REAL THING IN THRIFT.

"Hey, mon," exclaimed the braw,
bonnie North Country man, according
to Tit-Bits, "thrift is a wunnerful thing!"
"Yes," replied his English traveling
companion, "you're right there. Now,
I gave my wife a ten-pound note to keep
the new year holidays with, and—would
you believe it?—instead of exceeding it,
she saved nearly a sovereign out of it to
buy herself a hat."

"That's 'nowt," replied the Scotsman.
"My wife gives the kids ha'pennies
apiece to go to bed supperless; when
they're asleep she takes the ha'pennies
off 'em agean, and then she makes 'em
do wi'out ony breakfast for losin' 'em.
Hey, mon, that's thrift."

ARE GREAT RANCHES GOING?

The indications are that the great
ranches of Texas will, in the course of a
very few years, disappear. Some of
them are very large, containing hun-
dreds of thousands of acres. Recently
a syndicate purchased a number of these
ranches that adjoin each other. The
syndicate's purchase contains 7,000,000
acres, estimated to be worth at least
\$75,000,000. One of the ranches pur-
chased belonged to Mrs. H. M. King, and
consists of 1,380,000 acres. That is one
of the largest, if not the very largest,
ranch in Texas.

It is believed that the syndicate is
composed of men interested in new rail-
roads that are to be constructed through
Texas. Their purpose is to cut the
ranches up into small farms and sell
them to colonists. They have planned
to invite colonists from Europe and from
various parts of this country. If the
lands are as productive as they are be-
lieved to be they will give the railroads
passing through them a vast amount of
business in the very near future.

But what will the cattle owners do for
grazing fields? Will not there have to
be adopted new methods for growing
cattle? It is doubtful if there will ever
be another method by which beef can be
produced as cheaply as it is now pro-
duced. If cattle are raised on farms
and fed with grain the cost of meat will
undoubtedly advance greatly. Grass-

fed beef is far cheaper than grain-fed
beef.

That is, however, a question for the
future. The interesting thing now is
the disappearance of the great cattle
ranches of the Lone Star State. With
them will go the picturesque cowboy
and all the romance in which he has been
enveloped.

The price of land has advanced great-
ly in Texas within the last few years. It
hasn't been so very long since Texas gave
to Charles B. Farwell, of Chicago, 1,000,
000 acres of land on condition that he
would build a state house for the state
costing a million dollars. He built the
present capitol at Austin and got the
land. If he has the land yet he has
reaped a great fortune from that invest-
ment.

Banish Liquor Advertisements

Would any intelligent Christian permit an agent for in-
toxicating liquors to come into his home and solicit the patronage of
his family for intoxicants? No? Then why welcome and pay the
newspaper or magazine that solicits patronage for the saloon, the
brewery and distillery, to enter the home and familiarize the children
with the rum traffic?

Thousands of young people have never seen a saloon,
for prohibition maintains over a vast territory of the United States.

Is it wise or sane to permit publications that advertise
liquors to come into the home thus educating the young to a tolerance
of them?

The saying that "A man may be judged by what he
reads," is not far from the truth. The press is forming sentiment
wherever a weekly newspaper enters the humblest home. The home
is the unit that builds the mighty structure of national citizenship,
which will rise no higher in moral intelligence than the unit upon
which it is based.

The press is shaping the politics of this nation, how
imperative therefore that every Christian church, every temperance
organization, and all other moral clubs and societies make an issue
against all publications that advertise intoxicants.

Present to the press the alternative of printing only
wholesome pages, free from all immoral taint, or be excluded from
Christian homes. Then will temperance rule the world.

It is a shocking fact that professed Christians are re-
sponsible for the deadly liquor traffic. Few periodicals could exist
except for their patronage; few saloons could exist if Christians voted
as Christ authorized by his teachings.

The comic Sunday supplement is a menace and a dis-
grace to the intelligence of the young, with its silly pictures that teach
disrespect for parental authority, and low cunning and deceit.

A clean press should be demanded by every respectable
progressive citizen.

IRENE G. ADAMS,

Press Supt. Florida W. C. T. U.

Lake Helen, Florida.

DON'T RIDICULE YOUR BOY

Many a boy has gone to bed in tears
because his father criticized or denounced
his efforts at playing the violin; made
fun of a simple little composition or
story which he wrote; discouraged his
attempt to make some little mechanical
device, or threw a wet blanket on his
dreams, laughing at his prediction of
what he would do in the future.

A man who has recently come into
great prominence in his profession says
that when, tremblingly, he told his
father what he wanted to be, he was told
that a padded cell was the only place for
a boy with such crazy ideas, and that
he was forced for years to do that which
God had forbidden in every fibre of his

being, and against which every drop of
blood in him protested.

The father who has made up his mind
that his son must continue his business
and keep his estate intact, is not in a
position to decide on the boy's bent—
his special aptitude. He is prejudiced
at the very outset.

The reason why there are so many
mediocre men and women in the world,
and so many failures, is because they
never found their right places.

Everywhere we see men and women,
capable of much better things, who
were discouraged and diverted from
their natural bent when young. Their
own families did not take stock in them;
they laughed at their young ambitions,
and strangled their aspirations, either

by harsh treatment, or, what is even
worse, ridicule; and their teachers did
not understand them.

You cannot read the sealed message
which God has wrapped up in your boy
of girl, and you should regard it as sac-
red. You should respect the dreams of
future greatness of your son, because the
Creator may have intended him for a
grand and far-reaching mission. You
cannot tell what is going on in his mind;
you cannot tell what possibilities are
locked in his brain. He may be per-
fectly conscious at this moment that he
was intended for a much higher place in
the world than you are occupying your-
self, and to denounce him, to scoff at his
dreams, to laugh at his predictions for
the future may be a source of great
humiliation to you some day. It may
also work in 'uelable injury to your
boy. A thousand times better strike
him with your hand than blast his hopes
by ridicule or by a cruel, chilling, cutting
word.—Orion Sweet Marden in Success.

FRIENDS.

Friends are the springs at which we
refresh ourselves in the pilgrimage
called living, at which we drink life-sus-
taining, soul-cheering draughts, and it is
the best of good fortune when our path-
way lies among those that are deep and
cannot be dried up by the parching sun
of adversity, nor drained by our eager
thirst, though we linger near them long
and draw from them again and again.
They must also be pure and sweet, so
thus truly to be an unmixed good. Some
of these springs we find all ready for our
coming, while others, described through
indications of possibilities, we bring to
the full light of day by clearing away
intervening impediments by our own
personal endeavors. And, in gratitude
for all that they are to us, we should
seek to leave them richer than we found
them, beautified by the flowers of our
love and respect with kind services done,
that shall be like vines planted whose
branches and foliage shall weave around
them, a lasting network that shall make
them the lovelier for our coming.

Friends are the world's premiums
offered for a correct life and a grand and
lovely character; an incentive to great-
ness and goodness; the reward of help-
fulness.

Friends are a mirror in which we can
see ourselves reflected, since it is just as
true that we can be judged of by their
rank and quality as that water seeks its
level or that "birds of a feather flock
together."

Friends are the best riches of life here
below and a part of our treasure laid up
in heaven is the meeting of friends.

It is a truth worth remembering that
the best way to secure good, valuable
friends is to be one.

EUGENE C. DANA.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*